

ALTHOUGH a majority of the Fire Insurance Companies have left South Carolina I still represent five reliable old line companies and can place your fire insurance for you

WILLETT P. SLOAN

"BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY"

LADIES! SECRET TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Bring Back Its Color and Lustre
With Grandma's Sage Tea
Recipe.

Common garden sage brewed in a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and brilliant. Mixing the Sage Tea and sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as "Wyle's Sage and Sulphur Compound." This avoids a lot of fuss.

While gray faded hair is not painful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyle's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell because it does it so naturally, so easily. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; the morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After

hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger. Wyle's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

FOUR DAYS OF WAR BUILD BIG TUNNEL

Paris, March 31.—The tunnel under the English channel, began in 1876 and interrupted through the opposition of General Weysser, could have been built for the price of four days of war to France and England—about 400 million francs—according to Prof. Algiave of the law faculty of the Sorbonne. It would have permitted the rapid transportation of troops in 123 trains a day from Great Britain to France, avoiding the congestion of traffic in French ports and the enormous increase in sea freight rates. Besides the 123 trains of troops per day the tunnel would have accommodated freight transportation to the extent of 40,000 tons per day. Had work on it begun at the outbreak of hostilities, Prof. Algiave contends, the enterprise could have been carried to completion before the end of the conflict.

The auto owner finds the West Ad the best medium of exchange.



WAR SWEEP SERBIA HAS KIND RULER

King of Stricken Little Nation Respected and Loved By Simple Peasants.

(By Associated Press.)

Aedipos, Euboea, Greece, March 31.—Colonel Todorovitch, aide de camp of His Majesty King Peter of Serbia, clapped his heels together and bowed from the hips.

"His Majesty would be glad," he said in German, "if you would walk with him this afternoon."

The Hotel of "The Baths of Sulla" was bathed in a flood of welcome winter sunshine. Snow-clad Paros, across the Gulf of Euboea, glistened like a Christmas card. Fishermen's boats, picked out against the gleaming water between, rowed by banks of men like ancient triremes, crept back and forth, with sails set, and, scudded before the light breeze.

King Peter of Serbia came down the steps of the hotel into the sunlight, slight figure supported by a cane, but jauntily carried withal. He wore the gray-brown Serbian uniform with the blue cavalry collar and cavalry breeches with the broad, red stripe of a general. On his shoulders, the silver-threaded, tarnished epaulettes were mounted by a Serbian eagle, and his short-peaked cap of the Serbian officer bore the like in its center. An eagle face with a hooked nose; a bristling white moustache and white imperial; short-clipped, iron-gray hair and brown, almost unseeing eyes, whose iris seemed to have become all pupil—a little man, but strong, for all his seventy-two years—such the King without a country.

The Associated Press correspondent walks on the right of the sovereign for King Peter's right ear is slightly less deaf than his left one. Striking out with eager step, the monarch leads the way, his cane before him just barely feeling his steps. The path leads past the curious formation of sulphurous alkaline deposit hanging out over the sea in an iridescent mass. Here and there out of little holes in the porous mass the steaming water bubbles up, too hot to hold one's hand in, and then disappears only to reappear again near the edge, keeping the lip of the strange deposit wet and shining in the sunlight.

"Volcanic—all volcanic," says the King, turning over bits of gomme stone with his stick's end. "The day before you came, we had an earthquake shock—a little one." And then, he heads the way again up the hill, "Even the earth turns against me!" he adds ruefully. And tapping the yellow group with his cane: "There must be some Austrians buried under there!" And he laughs merrily.

The way leads past some shallow quays where peasants, men and women, rough-bow the porous volcanic stone for their building. As the little party advances, they stop their work and put down their tools. The men stand bareheaded, the women bow, while fallen majesty passes them by soldier fashion. King Peter assumes the staid folk who love him. "They are sorry for me," he explains, "and they try to tell me that they are sorry for me, in their kind, wordless way. They have great hearts, the people of your country, plain people, as I am a plain man."

"You are wrong, sire," says Jovitch Belougditch, the Serbian Minister to Greece, who for many years was King Peter's secretary. "Those simple folk and uncovered, not out of pity, but out of admiration. They aren't sorry for you—they respect you."

"Ah! Balougditch, old friend, always the cheery, brave word!" And then to Balougditch's son, a sergeant in the Serbian army, who has come from Corfu as a messenger: "And thou, my boy, art thou too a socialist like thy father, who has no faith in kings?"

"In some kings, sire," says the diplomatist.

The walk ends at last at a bench at the water's edge, full in the warmth of the declining sun. As the fishermen's boats pass on their way to the wharf, the men doff their caps and the King salutes them in return. The King and the correspondent, seated on the bench, look out over the Gulf of Euboea.

Eulogy of France.

"Like Lake Geneva," the sovereign says, waving his hand at the water and the distant mountains. "Here we are at Onex, and over there is the Jura and France." He sits a while in silence and then takes up again, "And, the theme of his thoughts. 'How much she has done for us—France! Tow much she has done for all the world! Now she is taking our children to her deep bosom, to keep them safe for us until after the war, that the race of Serbs may not die out.'

"For there, in Serbia, it is extermination, starvation, death. The women and the children who are the living future of our dreams—all we have to hold by to rebuild our nation after the war—soon they will all be gone. Make no mistake—war is a brutal business here in the Balkans. We all of us learned our war-making under the Turk, and the women and children have little chance. I don't mean to say they are massacred or anything like that, though that too has happened. But I refer now only to the fact that there is little or no provision for non-combatants, no organization to look after them."

"When the Austrians made their invasion of Serbia a year and a half ago, they had no sanitary provisions even for their own men. Most of their own wounded died, because they could not be properly taken care of. How much relief could an army like that afford to a starving civil population, like the population of Serbia today?"

"No; it is only your compatriots who can help us in this hour of our need. And they are doing it. God bless them! But there is need of so much—so much! The old man's head sank on his breast. His eyes closed wearily. It was as if his soul had left the bent, worn, pain-racked body and flown over the far mountains to his own people."

"If only they had come a little sooner, our Allies!" he went on. "I used to tell my men: 'Hold on! Just a little longer! They have said they will come and they will come.' And they believed me and held on. . . . You know, we couldn't even see the Germans! It was all artillery—machine-made war! My men used to grind their teeth and the tears would run down their poor, thin faces, and they would say: 'If only we could just get at them! We would show them!'"

"And then, as I rode by their lines, I could see them shaking their heads and nodding at me and whispering among themselves. 'Poor old King!' they were saying; 'he still believes the Allies will come in time to save us!'"

Suddenly the King gave a little, hoarse, inarticulate cry. His hand went up to his throat. His head fell back. His body collapsed in a limp heap. Doctor Simonovitch rushed up with a bottle in his hand. Colonel Todorovitch lifted the fainting monarch in his arms like a child fallen asleep.

His way to the hotel. At the top of the steps he turned, drew up his slight body to its full height, smote his heels together so that the spurs clicked, and raised his hand smartly to the visor of his cap.

"Say to the people of your great country, sire, that Peter Karageorgievitch salutes them!"

HARTWELL NEWS

Hartwell, Ga., March 31.—Mr. Howard Pearman is in Tignall this week on business.

Mrs. W. I. Halley visited relatives in Anderson, S. C., last week.

Prof. Whymon McLeskey of Comer, spent the week-end with his parents here.

Miss Flossie Jones of Comer, spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Claud Jones.

Miss Edna Rogers, of Elberton, will attend the Baptist Institute next week and will be the guest of Mrs. M. Saul.

Mr. W. A. Wyles and children of Ivy, S. C., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. V. I. Adams and other relatives here.

Ed Carnes and sister, Miss Ruth Doyle, of Royston, visited Misses Vesta and Mary at McCarry last week.

Mr. Rucker Hadley left for Atlanta Sunday for a short visit to his brothers, Messrs. Henry and Howard Hadley.

Mr. and Mrs. Saul, Mrs. Pottsdammer and Misses Cochran and Lila Baker spent Sunday afternoon in Elberton with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Clinecales, of Starr, S. C., were guests last Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Phillips and family.

Messrs. E. C. Dillard, P. A. Leard, Willie Brown, F. R. Vandiver, and E. W. Leard were visitors to Elberton Sunday afternoon.

Messrs. L. N. Adams and R. C. Alford visited Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Stapleton in Athens several days this and last week.

Sheriff and Mrs. A. S. Johnson and little Albert, Jr., and Misses Lizzie and Maude Blackwell were visitors to Elberton last Sunday.

Mr. J. D. Matheson spent first of the week in Atlanta.

W. E. Ayers spent Sunday with homefolks at Air Line.

Mr. C. Late Johnson is spending the week in Martin.

Mr. Lawrence Adams has accepted a position in Atlanta.

Mrs. Ella Thompson has returned to Danville for an indefinite time.

Miss Gladys Griffin of Fryston, was the guest of friends here last week.

Mr. Tombs Poole, of Lavonia, was here on business several days last week.

Miss Ruth Brown visited Mrs. M. E. Evenson in Elberton several days recently.

Miss Maud Johnson of the county, was in Hartwell this week the guest of Mrs. Claude Leard.

Miss Etta May Wilson attended the Ayers-Casler wedding Sunday afternoon at Air Line.



Cameras and Supplies
The Wanderlust and Kodaklust of Spring are Coming

Your outings will be far more enjoyable this year if you take a KODAK with you. Now is the time to get out your KODAK and experiment with a few films to make sure that everything is in order for picture-taking. Fresh films always in stock here.

Try our Developing and Printing. Rolls left with us today, Pictures ready tomorrow.

Full line of all kinds of KODAK SUPPLIES, including a new line of Albums.

Cox Stationery Co.
Stationers and Printers



PREVENTION
An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. This is the day of PREVENTIVE MEDICINE. Nowhere is this so necessary as in regard to the care of the TEETH. Visit the dentist AT LEAST twice a year, whether you think you need it or not. Let him give your teeth a thorough cleaning, search out the beginnings of decay, clean off the tartar, and in general PREVENT those dental evils that are likely to grow on you unawares.

DR. HENRY R. WELLS,
Office Over Farmers & Merchants Bank.
Residence Phone 66. Anderson, S. C. Office Phone 527.

Backache, headache, dragging pains, Nothing relieved me until I took Peruna

Thousands of the best women in the world are bearing the burden of backache, headache, dragging pains, a miserable half-dead, half-alive condition, produced by chronic internal derangements. Mrs. Joseph Lacelle, 124 Glenora Ave., Ottawa East, Ontario, Canada, is one of the fair women of America who has had her experience with this sort of a burden. Her experience is similar to the multitude of other women whose letters are recorded in the "Ills of Life." A copy of this free booklet ought to be in the hands of every housewife in the United States. Read what Mrs. Lacelle says:

"I suffered with backache, headache and dragging pains for over nine months, and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far better than any other medicine for these troubles. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable half-dead, half-alive condition. I am now in good health, have neither back nor pain, nor have I had any for the past year. If every suffering woman would take Peruna, this world would know its value and never be without it."

Burriss Patent Roll Lock

Has no equal, making ample allowance for contraction and expansion.

Now is the time to put a new roof on your house to protect you from fires and leaks.

Estimates cheerfully furnished.

Write or phone us for prices.

Ino. T. Burriss & Son
Anderson, S. C.

The man who ex-

periences comes back. Firestone. The man of experience looks to Firestones. Grindable now in the experienced class who enjoy

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

See the Firestone man and find out why you can get this extra service coverage cost

Firestone
Automobile and Motor Truck Tires and Accessories

Todd Auto Shop
North Main